

Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
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Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.

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Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

The Radical State Convention has been postponed until the second Wednesday in August.

Ex-President James Buchanan died at his home in Lancaster, Pa., on Monday morning last, aged 77 years.

Rumors from Washington say that Secretary Seward and Postmaster General Randall contemplate sending in their resignations soon.

General McClellan will leave Paris for America about the 1st instant. He will be in time for the National Democratic Convention.

The National Democratic Convention have succeeded in arranging with all railroads for half price for delegates to the New York Convention.

The Scientific American argues that the mission of the cholera has terminated, and this terrible pestilence will scourge the earth no more. The chief reason is the discovery that carbolic acid will prevent the spread of the epidemic.

The United States, it seems, is not the only country the currency is depreciated as compared with gold. Brazil has paper money which is depreciated 50 per cent; Turkey, 20 per cent; Italy, 15 per cent; Russia, 12 per cent, and Austria, 10 per cent.

A colored youngster in Troy received corporeal punishment at the hands of his ancestors, Tuesday, because his kitten got its head in the milk picher. The boy cut off the head to save the picher and then broke the picher to get out the head.

Some people suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. The man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common-sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is that they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end. Its value consists in giving the means of acquiring the use of that which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

RECEIPTS FALLING OFF.—During the planting season our receipts are falling off somewhat. The new subscribers for the week ending yesterday, being only seven thousand, four hundred and nineteen. At this rate we shall not have half a million before November!—*La Crosse Democrat.*

EXECUTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Reuben Wright, a white man of sixty, was executed at Lanbury, North Carolina, on the 21st ult., for the murder of a negro named Silas Harstein. Wright and Harstein's wife, a mulatto woman of twenty-one, were engaged in an illicit amour to which Harstein was an obstruction, and, with the assistance of two negroes, they murdered him. The negro girl has been respited until September.

TO OLD BACHELORS.—You good-for-nothing woman-hating old reprobates, why don't you go and get married? Your Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth for him to marry, and you are "going it alone" when the whole world is full of the prettiest kind of girls, all of whom want husbands. The Bible tells you to marry, and if you don't do it you may have as hard a time in the next world as you have in this. Getting married is the next best thing to going to heaven—saith the preacher.—*Athens Post.*

Short Paragraphs.

Why is heard like common sense? Because no woman possesses it.

Why is the author of the above like a certain worn out instrument? Because he is an abandoned lyre.

An African gentleman who had been disappointed over impeachment was heard to remark that the High Court "was a werry low down instumentation."

The editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel says he had rather kiss Anna Dickinson than his her. If he ever saw the pullet he must have horrid taste.

When you go fishing, be sure and take a "bite" before you start, for you may not get one after.

A minnow found in a pail of milk, in Brooklyn, was accounted for by the milkman. The cow must have swallowed it.

The proprietors of a London cemetery advertise that their's is the only place where the dead of the city can find complete repose.

John Paul writes to the Springfield Republican: "I had a cold in my lumber region, probably owing to having had my head shingled."

That young man to whom the world "owes a living" has been turned out of doors—his landlady not being willing to take the indebtedness of the world on her shoulders.

A paper tells of a man who fell over a precipice, and remarks: "The fall was about fifteen yards, and the poor man, who was going home that way, died instantly."

An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him, "but I know that you were born in Ireland." "Och, yer honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old cat has kittens in the oven; would they be loaves of bread?" The boy got the place.

A Minnesota editor says that a man came into his office to advertise for a lost dog, and that such was the wonderful power of advertising, the dog walked into the office while he was writing out the advertisement.

A Frenchman soliciting relief of an English lady, said gravely to his fair hearer: "Madame, I nevaire beg, but dat I have von vife vid several small families dat is growing very large, and nothing to make dere bread out of but de perspiration of my own eyebrows."

Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, but men have.

If Adam had asked Eve for a kiss could the latter, without profanity, have replied, "I don't care A-dam if you do."

An Irishman, on being told to grease the wagon, returned in an hour and said, "I've greased every part but them sticks the wheels hang on!"

A servant girl recently entered a prominent picture gallery and accosted the operator with: "I say; how long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

An orator, who had raised his audience to a great height by his lofty soarings, exclaimed, "I will now close in the beautiful and expressive language of the poet, I forget his name—and—and—I forget what he said, too."

O, the pup, the beautiful pup! drinking milk from the china cup, gamboling round so frisky and free, first gnawing a bone, then biting a flea; jumping, running after the pony; beautiful pup! you will soon be bologna.

"Jim, get up, the day is breaking."
"Very well let it break, it owes me nothing." Interval of twenty minutes. "Jim, Jim, here the sun is up before you."
"Very well sir, he has further to go than I have."

A New Haven paper, describing the localities of the prominent institutions of the city, says: "The Medical College is on the road to the Cemetery; and the Divinity College on the road to the Poorhouse, and the Law school on the road to the Gaol."

Two young ladies and an Irish gentleman were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question: "Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. G.?" "Sure," replied the gallant Hibernian, "you both look younger than each other."

An Eastern exchange says: "A story is told of a jolly fellow, who resided in Chicago about four years, and, while on an Eastern visit, was asked how he liked the water out west. 'By George, Mr.' said he, after a moment's reflection, 'I never thought to try it.'"

Washington Gossip.

Special to the Louisville Courier.

A dispatch addressed to Woolley as a sovereign citizen imprisoned by the order of tyrants at the Capitol, urging him to stand firm, and assuring him that every true man in the country would sustain him in his course, was forwarded to Butler, who read it, and inclosed a letter to Woolley, in which he declared that the sentiments contained in the dispatch smacked of disloyalty, and that the writer of it should be in the custody of the impeachment managers. Butler was greatly enraged, and demanded that the House should at once resent the insult. He offered a resolution that the Speaker of the House be empowered to open all letters and communications to and from Woolley.

Colfax promptly declined the proffer on the ground that he had no right to exercise such authority, and objected to supervising prisoners for the reason that he did not think it came within the scope of the Speaker's duties. Wood denounced as unjust and unconstitutional such persecution of any individual; that he considered that the power of the House was limited; that if they went beyond this limit they would rival the tyranny now practiced by the Czar of Russia in Poland, and concluded his remarks with the assertion, that the whole proceeding "was a very small piece of business." Blain obtained the floor next, and proceeded to demonstrate that the Speaker was in no wise obliged to assume "such dirty work." The Speaker's friends were smart enough to take alarm and check further discussion of the matter, foreseeing that such action would gratefully damage Colfax's chance for the Vice Presidency. Irreverent outsiders already term him Jailor Colfax.

Butler finally perceiving the danger of defeat, modified his resolution, making it obligatory upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to supervise all such communications, and accepted Blain's amendment allowing free access to Woolley by his family, counsel and physicians.

I learn from an intimate friend of Chief Justice Chase that he is thinking seriously of going abroad to spend a few months of the coming summer. His health is not very good.

Old Thad. Stephens said to old Ben Wade, a few days ago, "Well, Wade I expect your day and my day are over. We'll have to give the road to such dump-carts as Grant and Colfax." "Yes," Wade replied, "and they are loaded with mud, at that." Old Ben's head is very sore.

The friends of Mr. Pendleton are more confident at this moment than they have been at any time since the beginning of the campaign for the New York nomination. They say that he will carry such a large majority on the first ballot as will insure him a two-thirds vote on the next. They say also that General Hancock will consent to take the second place on the ticket with Pendleton, but the prevailing sentiment favors young John Quincy Adams, or Seymour, of Connecticut, for Vice President. The escort from the West is expected to have a good effect in resisting outside pressure from New York. But even the New York delegation is divided. I am told that Pendleton is sure for nearly half its members already.

There is a good deal of fear expressed lest the President will not support the nominee of the Democratic party. But I am able to give you some positive information on this head. In conversation with an Indiana politician, who called at the White House yesterday to congratulate its occupant upon his acquittal, the subject came up. The Indiana suggested that the Democrats are a little afraid of the President.

"What are they afraid of?" Mr. Johnson asked. "Do they think I'm not a good enough Democrat? Is not my record sound enough. What is the matter?"

"They think you have not come out square enough in your appointments?"

"Do they mean Soboleff?"

"Yes, that's one thing."

"How could I do any better? I had to take what I could get. The Senate would not confirm any one else."

"But they say you are not in sympathy with the Democratic party."

"I don't know what you call in sympathy. I certainly have done what I could against the Radicals. I was born and raised a Democrat and consider myself as good a one at this moment as I ever was in my life."

on and do right; they may always be easy about Andrew Johnson."

The effort to get up a third party is not yet abandoned. If Mr. Chase consents it will be accomplished. If not, it will fall through. The European trip I spoke of yesterday is doubtless a plan of the Chief Justice to fly temptation, or, at least, to shirk responsibility. His friends, however, have not yet despaired of the Democratic nomination.

Seymour positively authorizes the statement to be made public that he will not consent to the presentation of his name to the convention. He considers it important to select somebody whose strength is sufficient to insure his election. He thinks his record or Pendleton's open to constant attacks.

Grant's friends accuse Ben Butler of conspiring to make the Republican party so odious that it will be defeated in November. There is still no peace between Grant and Butler. They naturally hate each other, and Butler thinks if he could defeat Grant, he himself would become the leader, as he is now the brains of the party. This view of the subject is gaining ground among Republicans.

The Radical ratification meeting held here last night was a miserable failure. It was composed chiefly of negroes, with a few scattering white faces. The speeches were rapid and unimportant. The alienation of the moderate Republicans is likely to defeat the admission of all the Southern States except Arkansas, whose delegation is likely to get in.

MR. TOWMBLEY'S MISTAKE.—Mr. Thomas Townsley had drunk but six glasses of brandy and water, when being a man of discretion, he returned home at the reasonable hour of 1 o'clock, and went soberly to bed.

Mrs. Thomas Townsley was too well accustomed to the comings and goings of said Thomas to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made on retiring; but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them or keep his feet out of bed.

"My dear," said Mr. Townsley in an apologetic tone, "skuse me. How I came to forget the boots I cannot conceive, for I'm just as sober as I ever was in my life."

Mr. Townsley sat on the side of the bed and made an effort to pull off the right boot. The attempt was successful, though it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Townsley thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door on coming in, he was astonished, and dark as it was in the room, he could not be mistaken, he felt certain. Mr. Townsley staggered to the door to close it, when to his great surprise, he saw a figure approaching from beyond. Townsley stopped; the figure stopped. Townsley advanced again, and the figure did the same. Townsley raised his right hand and the figure raised his left.

"Who's there?" roared Townsley, beginning to be frightened. The object made no reply. Townsley raised his boot in a menacing attitude—the figure defied him by shaking a similar object.

"By the Lor!" cried Townsley, "I'll find out who you are, you sneakin' cuss!" He hurled the boot full at the head of his mysterious object, when, crash! went the looking-glass, which Townsley had mistaken for the door.

THE PENDLETON ARMY.—A New York dispatch of the 2d says:

A committee from Cincinnati, Ohio, were in this city yesterday, and engaged Masonic Hall, Thirteenth Street, for the accommodation of the Pendleton delegates to the National Democratic Convention. The Pendleton army is to contain 10,000 men, for which arrangements are to be made by the proprietors of Masonic Hall. They will arrive in a special train, be dressed in military costume, and march in a body through the city, preceded by a band of forty pieces.

THE ELECTION AT WASHINGTON.—According to the figures received, the municipal election at the capital of the nation, on Monday, resulted in the choice of a radical to the mayoralty by a majority of less than one hundred. A tie is reported in the upper Board of the Council—in the lower Board the Democrats have three majority. Two negroes were elected to the Council.

WEST TENNESSEE.—The wheat crop of Dyer county will, it is said, yield a third more than last year.

GENERAL AMNESTY.—It is said the President is preparing a proclamation of general amnesty.

Corn is selling in Henry county, Va., at \$2.00 per bushel, and is very scarce.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

Well, let him go, and let him stay;
I do not mean to die;
I guess he'll find that I can live
Without him, if I try;
He thought to frighten me with frowns
So terrible and black;
He'll stay away a thousand years
Before I call him back.

He said that I had acted wrong—
And foolishly beside;
I won't forgive him after that—
I wouldn't if I died.
If I was wrong, what right had he
To be so cross to me?
I know I'm not an angel quite—
I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once—
And now when we fall out,
He always says she was not cross,
And that she did not pout.
It is enough to vex a saint—
It's more than I can bear—
I wish that other girl of his
Was—well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she is pretty, too;
As beautiful as good,
I wonder if she'd get him back,
Again, now, if she could;
I know she would, and there she is—
She lives almost in sight;
And now it's after nine o'clock,
Perhaps he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come—
But then I've said I won't—
I do not care so much, but she
Shan't have him, if I don't;
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
And he was in the right;
I think I'd better tell him so—
I wish he'd come to night.

The Difference in Names.

There is more or less of the animal about man; that nobody will deny. Plato's definition of man was, "An animal, without feathers, walking on two legs." This was too much for Diogenes, who caught an old rooster, plucked it, took it into school, and scornfully asked "if that was Plato's man?" We don't know how Plato got out of it, and don't care, as this has but little to do with the matter in hand. Though an animal a man does not like to be called a 'beast'; yet there are many known as 'bulls' and 'bears' and except these appellations as rightly bestowed and properly belonging to them, though individually, in another sense, they would object to being called bears. There are many who would like to be known as 'lions,' and even tiger would be considered more complimentary than calf. Many a young fellow would like to be regarded as a 'buck,' and you may call a man 'dear fellow,' don't think of calling him a mouse. To be called a 'duck' of a man' would please many an individual who would take it to heart if called a goose, independent of the misnomer. Call a man a 'puppy' and he'll resent it; but call him a 'sly dog,' and you'll rather please him. Don't call a man hog, even if he is a bore, nor an elephant if he happens to be a 'heavy weight'; but you may call him a 'fox' or a 'coon' with impunity. A man doesn't like to be called a shark, but you may call him a 'queer fish,' without offense. Never call a cross-eyed man 'lynx eyed'—he'll think you are 'sarcastic.' Call a man a jackass, and he'll 'talk back'; but you may call him an 'old rat,' and it is ten to one he'll ask you to 'take suthin.' A man who wouldn't feel complimented at being called a cormorant, would smile at being called a 'night owl.' Don't offend by calling a man a gosing, but you may call him a 'gay rooster' without offense. Don't call a man a fool; call him a clever fellow, which amounts to the same thing, but sounds prettier. A man would be well pleased to know that you said he was keen as a razor, yet would object to being called a 'sharper.' To call a man a stone would be considered reflecting on his intellectual powers; but you may call him a 'brick' to his great satisfaction.

A NATURAL MOVEMENT.—One night General Adams, of Tennessee, on returning to camp was halted by the sentinel on an outpost. After giving the countersign, and telling the sentinel who he was, he got to questioning the man about his duties as a sentry.

General—If you saw two men coming toward your post what would you do?

Sentinel—I would halt them, and then direct one to advance and give the countersign.

General—If three or four should approach what would you do?

Sentinel—I would do the same thing.

General—Suppose you saw a dozen coming what then?

Sentinel—I would do the same thing.

General—Suppose a whole regiment should come, what then?

Sentinel—I would form a line as quick as possible.

General—What kind of a line could you form by yourself?

Sentinel—A bee line for camp.